

Halo: Betrayal of the Spartans

by Natinaton

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Summary: In the final years of the war with the covenant, the spartans were assembled for one of the final ops they will have to do in the war. Before peace could once again reign, a myterous ship tries to kill the spartans all at once. Please R&R.

1. Mission gone FUBAR

Betrayal

Disclaimer: I don't own halo nor anything related EXCEPT FOR anything of my creation, planets, names, Spartans I've made up, etc are mine.

End Disclaimer

Author notes: Yeah this might not go over so well with the majority of people, but then again, I don't give a crap what other people think of me most of the time. So please sit back, relax, and enjoy the story (or least try to). Reviews are deeply appreciated as it motivates me to type faster and get everything done a lot quicker. And yeah, I "sort of"

Jumped ahead in the betrayal part because I thought it would sound better so yeahâ€¦

End Author Note

Halo: Spartan Downfall

By: Natinaton

John gripped his battle rifle as he felt the pelican do a left wing turn. The ODS'T's gripped handholds as the Spartan's sheer weight kept him in place. John had made sure he was in the corner where he wouldn't have the chance of crushing anyone if things went south and the pilot had to do maneuvers.

"Hell yeah!" One ODS'T yelled. "This is awesome!"

"60 seconds till drop marines!" The pilot yelled through the doorway that separated itself from the cargo area.

John was in charge of the group. He sat back as he remembered the briefing. Young bright faces that haven't seen the reality of war yet in their life. War is hell. Hell is war. He put away the thought that he might have to order these men to their deaths. He would try to get these guys out in one piece. They deserved it. Every human saved was worth it.

The pelican almost hit the ground before the pilot lifted up the nose to avert it. Before the door and the motion were over, MC had gotten up and walked his way to the door. The Marines clumsily tried to do the same thing, one managed to do it. Barely.

"Alright Marines hit the dirt!" MC yelled. He might see other Spartans on this battle ground; it was metropolis, planet that is. One of the dense population centers in the Earth Empire. The Covenant was here.

The Marines gingerly got out and as MC walked ahead of them.

"Sergeant" John yelled. "2 meter spread with safeties off. Prepare for anything."

"Sir yes sir!" The Sergeant yelled. His nametag said Jack. "Yuri, Reg and Dave; Dave grab the rockets and let's move it up ladies!"

Dave stood in the middle of the group as the rest fanned out with MC upfront. They had landed in a green field. The grass was up to their thighs and was plenty thick. A thick wooded area was up ahead.

"Identify yourself or die." An incoming transmission went on into MC's radio,

A-band; an infantry unit was sending the signal. They probably had snipers somewhere doing a lookout. Holding up a fist to signal everyone to stop; John accessed his radio. Surprisingly, it sounded like someone he knew.

"This Spartan 117 and ODS'T squad 83 dropped off by pelican 332." MC called back.

"Really, you do look like a Spartan, but then againâ€¦" The voice said back.

"Fred, get your ass out here now and quit fooling around." John said. "Changing your voice does not change your voice pattern but good try anyway."

A Spartan sprang up three feet on the left covered with green brush and light camo. His armor was spray painted a camo effect to blend in with the surroundings. One of the ODS'T's made a loud curse when the Spartan popped up not seeing him even when he was three feet in front.

Fred did a hand signal and more people popped up. Kelly was 3 feet behind Fred, Linda and Will were up in trees with sniper rifles and they hopped down. Will, Nate and Sam popped up behind them with two squads of Marines in camo.

"Hook, Line; Sinker and you got one dead ODST squad and one Spartan that were 3 minutes from the drop-off point." Fred snickered. He enjoyed success more than any other Spartan John had known.

"Don't make me kick your ass Fred." John warned. He glanced around as everyone came out of their hiding spots. "You know I will. Recon report?"

"Recon says we got a covenant brigade on the move and a division that just landed about 4 clicks south of here. We're going in and destroy them with a tactical nuclear warhead. We have several armored warthog trucks able to carry the tactical nuke on the truck bed." Fred explained. "We were to get in and get out and blow the bomb wiping out half their forces. You are the commanding officer now MC."

"Alright let's move out then." John said. "Let's keep it low and quiet when we came in we got a group of spectres and ghosts about 1 click that way."

"Confirmed." Someone said over the radio. They haven't noticed us yet."

"Let's go." John said.

"Sir, we got something coming in from shipboard." ODST 15 feet away yelled up as he listened on the SATCOM. MC walked over their briskly but tried to remain calm.

"Spartans, come in, I repeat Spartans come in!" Someone yelled.

"Roger, this is Spartan-117, Master Chief." John said calmly into the radio. "Report."

"You have-"The other guy on the end was frantic apparently and was trying to catch his breath.

"Calm down. Take a breath and Calm down." John said to slow down the private. Usually it was a private operating the radio in a combat situation.

The Private managed to catch his breath. "No time. GET OUT OF NOW! EVAC!"

When John heard the words "Get out" He knew this mission went totally and completely FUBAR. MC at once did everyone a hand-signal to get the hell out of here now. Three privates drove up with the trucks as everyone piled into it. MC yanked the SATCOM out of ODST's backpack and signaled at him to get on the truck.

"You have an inbound tactical nuclear warhead heading for you now! We had an UNSC corvette drop in out of slip space and fire it at your position. We almost missed it if we were turned 13 degrees in the

other direction like we were supposed to be. We're currently engaged in battle." A Bone crunching lurch was heard over the radio. A series of thuds were heard in response. Archer missiles were launching.

"Roger, thanks for the warning, 117 moving out, send any close by drop ships to pick us up if you can." John yelled. He held the Mic to his shoulder with his head and held the actually SATCOM with his other hand. His other grappled onto a truck and he swung himself onto the truck. It lurched under the weight and he quickly took a seat. He attached the Mic back to the SATCOM as the truck accelerated at top speed the way the pelican had dropped him off.

John looked up into the sky and started to see a shape appear ghost like above the clouds. It dashed towards the covenant like a meteor. John with his enhanced eyesight could see that it was indeed a tactical nuke. It was clean warhead though, All negative effects on the human body would be gone within 24 hours.

It went on behind a hill in the distance where a large thud was heard. 10 seconds later it went off on a timer set to explode 10 seconds after impact. The ground impacted as it uplifted the soil tossing up massive boulders and rocks the size of wraith tanks and pelicans. They came back down just as the first shockwave past and hit the slower second wave. Rolling across the ground like demons with a purpose they crushed anything that got in their way, covenant or nature likewise.

"Shitâ€¦." John muttered to himself as he looked again at the approaching shockwave. They were still within range and if it hit them, he didn't know what would happen. It kept on coming, everyone urged the drivers to go faster but to no avail.

"Brace for impact!" John yelled into the radio. John heard Nate mutter an "Ah shit" over the radio just before he blacked out. He felt his body rising then falling. A wave of pressure hit him again several seconds later after he hit the ground hard. His body ached as he finally went unconscious.

2. Dying alone

Halo: Betrayal of the Spartans

By: Natinaton

He coughed up blood as he hanged upside down in the warthog by his feet. Or at least he thought it was his feet that were keeping him up. Spartan â€" 145 Aka Nate looked downâ€¦ He was thirty feet off the ground. Coughing up some more blood, he spit it out as he attempted to do undo his shattered helmet. The visor had broken and he was only able to see half the data he needed.

He undid the seals on his helmet and let it clatter to the ground a second later. He did the quick calculations of the math and came up with 31.5 feet off the ground. Close enough. Grabbing the dashboard he swung his legs free and was able to put them on a steady branch that had smashed its way though the windshield. The Driver had gotten his face mashed in by the massive branch. Nate looked in the back, No one was there. To be exact, the removable troop transport section was

GONE. Ripped off by the nuclear shockwave, it must have tossed the warthogs in the air like a toy and plopped his warthog right in a tree that survived. The Tree was above a meadow of some sort the long grass concealing part of the bodies.

He began the long climb down the tree, he had to get out, he didn't know when the warthog would come crashing down from the weight. The Warthog still weighed at least 3 tons without the back section. Hopping/Hobbling down each tree branch, he missed a branch 7 feet from the ground and fell to the ground.

He walked over to the nearest body that was partially crushed by a warthog. Expecting an ODS, it wasn't. A Spartan, the camo painted armor was slicked with blood. The Spartan was Michael; He was basically the average soldier, carrying a battle rifle and Magnum pistol as weapons. He was handy with grenades and savored them for when the situation got sticky. A little trigger happy but a good comrade and friend nevertheless. Beyond his chest cavity was a bloody mess as he tried to stay alive. The Warthog had cut his legs off when it slammed into him. Nate sat on his knees as he tried to treat Michel's wounds. There was nothing that could be done, Nate had never heard of anyone surviving surgery this extensive. Michel tried to raise his head to speak to him. His hand grasped Nate's shoulder. Nate leaned in to hear him.

"I didn't want to die like this." Michel said. "Not alone. Not. Like. This."

"You are not alone in this." Nate said trying to comfort his friend. "I don't know if I'm the only survivor."

"I know now that I'm will not die alone." Michel eyes squeezed in agony. His upper body convulsed as he went into a seizure of sorts. He muttered something again and again as he shook.

"Mommy. Mommy. Dr. Halsey! please... help... me..." Michel said as he arched his back and neck in pain. His body stopped moving as it slowly arched back the way it came.

"Ah shit." Nate muttered as he lay down on the ground moving his head. He glanced at Michel before cursing again. Angry flowed through his veins as he wanted to hit out against something. Rising up he looked around some more and seeing no bodies near the warthog he put his hands where the warthog had crushed Michel's body. Lifting it up into the air he threw it into the tree that Nate had climbed down from. The other warthog stuck in the tree fell out and struck the other warthog on the ground.

The wind picked up as a ship landed nearby. Nate walked over to the warthog and pulled out a pistol. He didn't turn around. The ship landed and opened as the ramp hit the ground. If it was covenant, he wouldn't stand a chance, his shields were out and he didn't have any cover in this meadow. He reached down slowly pulled out the magnum on his thigh.

He wasn't going to go down without a fight. Not before he had some of the bodies of his enemies lying around him dead; and empty bullet cases around him with empty handguns. Nate gripped his pistols as he swung around and crouched to face the threat. He would go down in a hail of plasma if he had to.

3. Can't trust no one anymore

Halo: Betrayal of the Spartans

By: Natination

Author notes: wow, 139 hits, meaning at least 100 people read my story. It would be great if more people would review, but I guess I'm glad people are even reading the story. As for the Sergeant Johnson part, I have something better in store for him. This is supposed to take part AFTER the ark. Who ever said that the war would be over after the ark was found? Just my thought pattern.

"Don't shoot! Friendly." A voice called out.

Nate twisted around and froze for a full three seconds before dropping the magnums to the ground. A UNSC cargo ship had landed, taking refuge in the planet's stratosphere before heading to slip space. It had probably watched as the nuke had hit them and could do nothing till the shockwave went past.

He felt his legs give out, he couldn't move anyway as he fell face forward into the grass meadow. Three men rushed out and tried to get him out. Another fourth man was needed to move Nate to the ship where ODS'T's from other squads and from his was being treated for wounds from the blast.

"What happened to them?" Nate whispered to one of the guys.

"Tactical nuke came down and almost got the entire company. Some fool ordered them to stay put as the Covenant was heading straight for them. I think they were bait for the covenant."

(Flashback)

Three Spartans stood in the office as an ONI agent explained the mission. One of the many in the Agency, with all the years, one ONI agent looked all the same as the rest.

"We have a company of men trapped and surrounded by the covenant, you are to blow this tactical nuke and create a hole for the men to escape in the lines. Avoid the blast area and punch a hole in the covenant lines at a different point, in the confusion it will be quite easy. John will be reinforcing your 4 squads with another once he arrives from outer-system. Once he does, Go in and rescue the men. "The ONI agent stood as he finished. "I leave the rest up to you, any questions?"

No one answered. "Good. Dismissed."

(End Flashback)

Simple OP it was suppose to be. The Spartans had rescued or fought with 7 out of 10 companies out of every brigade of men at least once. Off to the rescue for another one. No AI backup as well.

"Simple my ass." Nate told himself as he remembered the briefing.

Someone decided to tactical nuke everyone within 20 miles of the friggin covenant. Men were moved in and tables and floor areas cleaned up as people were hauled in. The dead were lined up outside.

Nate crawled over to a wall and propped himself up as he watched the grim crew bringing in the wounded as the single doctor tried to treat everyone he could. Med kits from squads were sprawled out everywhere.

"How many KIA?" Nate asked.

"20 out of 30 of the 5 squads with you." One crew men said as he pasted with an ODS.

"5 aren't expected to make it." He whispered on his way back. "The Spartans, well we got almost all but 2 of you guys alive. You guys are indeed hard to kill."

"Yup." Nate said. "Tags?"

"Michel and unknown."

"Remove the bottom left bottom foot plate, there is additional name tag there." Nate said. He wanted to know who else he had lost. The crewman went to do his task and came back a minute later and murmured a name. "Paul."

"Get me up, we have to strip the armor off of him, we're going to need the spare parts." Nate sighed. Another friend dead. "Any other Spartans awake?"

"One guy named Sam sprained his hand. The rest are unconscious or sedated for the pain of injuries." The man said lifting him up. They walked over to the dead Spartan body lined up with the dead ODS's. He glanced over at the Crewman's uniform, No name tag was found on him. Not military then.

"What's your name?" Nate asked as he down at the man, he was easily a few inches taller then him. His neck was so sore that Nate before hand decided to not test his neck at first.

"Ben." The man replied. He looked around to see if anyone needed help but then turned back his attention to Nate. Nate looked at the two bodies as he heard the metal on the ship give a resident thud. A Spartan had jumped off the bed and onto the floor. Nate continued to strip the parts off the Spartans as Ben tried to help. Sam strolled down the ramp and looked at the bodies. He sighed. Military waste of good men. He walked wordless and sat down and worked on removing Michel's armor.

"Alright, Listen we need to get out of here and up to the Corvette that is in orbit." Nate explained. "We can get out of here quicker if we can board them and have Captain Bertrand slip space us to the nearest UNSC station."

"Sirâ€¦ there is no corvette in orbit anymore, there's just wreckage." Ben grimly replied. "When we were heading down to rescue you guys, the Corvette was under attack, we couldn't tell who though."

"Damn. Captain Bertrand can't help us then." Nate said. "We need to get out of here before whatever killed them comes back to pick up the remains of their forces."

"I'll tell the captain of what you said." Ben said. "I can tell you right now he'll be glad to get out of here ASAP."

"Sir, we have Covenant forces incoming! Some of them must have survived the blast." A man yelled. He had a battle rifle he picked up from one of the ODST's.

"Let's go!" One man screamed at everyone to get board. He was obviously the captain partly by the way he dressed and the way he ordered everyone around. He quickly issued orders for them to leave the dead and scour the site one last time for survivors.

"Ben let's go!" The man yelled.

Nate and Sam set the pyre of fire. Spartans called it that way because it burned very much like a burial fire, burning everything within a 15 meter radius. The reactor would be set on a fatal power loop and overload.

Three men grabbed one ODST who had his arm ripped off and leg torn open. Carefully but quickly they hauled him onboard. The Captain rushed his men aboard as Nate and Sam waited as the door shut. The Ship lurched forward as it picked up off the ground and flew off into the sky. Plasma scorched part of the hull but didn't do any serious damage as the craft listed to one side as it made a sharp turn for the stratosphere.

Nate looked out a camera on the hull to find the remains of the Corvette that was their home for the last 3 months. It laid in pieces as bodies floated among them. It was torn apart and not one section appeared to be intact. Names had always slipped Nate's mind but the name of the Corvette was on a floating 5m section of torn metal. _Rollo_.

"Hey Spartans!" A man that hadn't shaved in the last few weeks was yelling at them. "Captain wants you on the bridge."

"We'll be right there." Nate called out. "Let's go meet this captain of theirs."

Captain Kelp had been a Captain since he started hauling cargo for the UNSC. He had to deal with just about every type of soldier, some pissed off at him while others were helpful. In the end for him though it was getting his cargo delivered on time and avoiding the Covenant.

He never had to deal with Spartans before, he thought it was only some ODST's with some new toys but never a new branch of Spec-ops. When he saw the two green suits enter his bridge he felt easily smaller and so did his ship. Well might as well get this over with. Kelp thought. Hell he could make a lot of money off of this, even with the small percentage to the crew, they would be living healthy for the remainder of their days. He pondered. The Spartans were tired and weak from the tactical nuke, he could take them on.

"Captain you wanted us?" Sam said as they both saluted by reflex.

"Yes, you won't believe it. We just picked it up on the C-Band. It's being broadcasted on every single band." Kelp explained. He turned a knob and a speaker was turned on.

"This is an all solar system announcement to every human. We will be blunt and to the point with this. We believe the Spartans have betrayed the UNSC and wiped out 4 companies of men in order to slip away in all the chaos. They did though wipe out a whole covenant division in the process but they did leave a message before they vanished in the form of a written note sent to the president just before they launched to battle.

This hell of a war has gone on too long. We have seen companies of men vanish and be massacred by the Covenant because of commanders who are idiots or because of friendly-fire. Lack of Leadership has led thousands of our men and women to their needless deaths. We admit that this is war but it has to come to an end. We the Spartans and the men who as well see this war as futile can no longer serve governments that needlessly sacrifice men when they have no need to. They call it a bad week if they lose a company of marines or ODST's but a tragedy if they lose a Spartan. We have lost over 85 Spartans in arms. The Spartan III's are good and those that remain loyal will soon die for retribution for the support they give to this Government. If you see any of these traitors, Alert your local UNSC soldiers and tell them where they are located. Bounty for each Spartan captured is a reward of 50 million credits for a dead body. 100 million for one that is alive. "

"It keeps repeating that message on every channel." Kelp grimly said. "It's being broadcasted like nothing I have ever seen before."

"Damn. They branded us as Traitors." Nate cursed.

"We're going to have hell for this. Where ever we go." Sam said. "We will have to ditch most of our military protocols."

"There is one thing though." Kelp said he raised a hidden pistol out of his sleeve. Crewmen opened a door behind them and walked out. "I'm cashing you out on the bounty."

"You Bastard." Sam yelled. He raised his hand to swing at the Captain but halted when he heard the shotgun cock and pressed against the back of his head.

"I'll admit that the ODST's will be dead as we dump them out an airlock but we don't need any witnesses." Kelp shrugged. "Losses are losses. I lost my cargo when we had to ditch it to escape the Covenant. I am hoping to make at least 100,000 profit off of two you. So stay right there as I radio the nearest UNSC ship to come pick you up."

End
file.